Drawne after you, you patterne of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it Winter ſtill,and you away,
As with your ſhaddow I with theſe did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didſt thou ſteale thy ſweet that (ſmels
If not from my loues breath,the purple pride,
Which on thy ſoft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou haſt too groſely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had ſtolne thy haire,
The Roſes fearefully on thornes did ſtand,
Our bluſhing ſhame,an other white diſpaire:
A third nor red,nor white,had ſtolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted,yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet,or culler it had ſtolne from thee.

100

VVHere art thou Muſe that thou forgetſt ſo long,
To ſpeake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendſt thou thy furie on ſome worthleſſe ſonge,
Darkning thy powre to lend baſe ſubiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muſe,and ſtraight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies eſteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Riſe reſty Muſe,my loues ſweet face ſuruay,
If time haue any wrincle grauen there,
If any,be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times ſpoiles diſpiſed euery where.
Giue my loue fame faſter then time wafts life,
So thou preuenſt his ſieth,and crooked knife.

101

OH truant Muſe what ſhalbe thy amends,

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So doſt thou too,and therein dignifi'd:
Make anſwere Muſe,wilt thou not haply ſaie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no penſell,beauties truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt,if neuer intermixt.
Becauſe he needs no praiſe,wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo,for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:
And to be praiſd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office Muſe,I teach thee how,
To make him ſeeme long hence,as he ſhowes now.

102

MY loue is ſtrengthned though more weake in ſee-
I loue not leſſe,thogh leſſe the ſhow appeare, (ming
That loue is marchandiz'd,whoſe ritch eſteeming,
The owners tongue doth publiſh euery where.
Our loue was new,and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in ſummers front doth ſinge,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the ſummer is leſſe pleaſant now
Then when her mournefull himns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſick burthens euery bow,
And ſweets growne common looſe their deare delight.
Therefore like her, I ſome-time hold my tongue:
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſonge.

103

ALack what pouerty my Muſe brings forth,
That hauing ſuch a ſkope to ſhow her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glaſſe and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines,and doing me diſgrace.